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TO MY MOTHER

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TO
MY MOTHER

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TO
MY MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

LET this be said of Mothers. From their flesh and blood the race of man is fashioned, from their hopes and prayers the faith of man is molded, from their love and tenderness the heart of man is pulsing warm and red and deep—to-day, as through all earthly ages past. Not only at our birth, but to the end, they hold their lives ready to give for ours. In every little soul they nurse to strength the plant of their high hopes and gentle fears; no noble thought or high ambition gained through human history had not its seed long years before within some mother's prayer; no forward step to aid the sons of men was ever taken save by those who learned to walk within a mother's sheltering care, nor ever left a babe his mother's knee she shed not tears to see him go away. Friends come to men, and loves; but never such sweet friendship, such true love, as mothers know.

—Wallace Rice.

TO MY MOTHER

A MOTHER heard our infant cries,
And folded us with fond embrace,
And when we woke, our infant eyes
Were opened on a mother's face.

Our wishes she did make her own,
Her bosom fed and pillowed too,
Answering each start or fitful moan
With trembling pulses fond and true.

Then knowledge was a thing untaught:
Heaven's charity, a daily dole,
Stole in inaudibly, and wrought
Its gentle bonds about the soul.

—*Charles Tennyson Turner.*

GOD could not be everywhere; therefore
He made mothers.

—*Hebrew Proverb.*

WOMEN know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

TO MY MOTHER

IS not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us?

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

DEAR Lord, dear Lord . . . .
Thou, who didst not erst deny
The mother-joy to Mary mild
Blessed in the blessed Child—
Hearkening in meek babyhood
Her cradle hymn, albeit used
To all that music interfused
In breasts of angels high and good.
Oh, take not, Lord, my babe away—
Oh, take not to thy songful heaven,
The pretty babe thou hast given;
Or ere that I have seen him play
Around his father's knees, and known
That he knew how my love hath gone
From all the world to him.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The Mother's Prayer.

A MOTHER only knows a mother's fondness.

—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

A WOMAN'S love
Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak
And by its weakness overcomes.

—James Russell Lowell.

TO MY MOTHER

THROUGH many a year a picture dear
Hung just above my bed;
It plainly showed a shady road
That, curving gently, led
Past shrub and tree, till I could see,
Beside a blossoming vine,
My mother stand, as once she stood
When she was young, and I was good,
In days all sun and shine.

I saw her there, so sweet and fair,
When I drove off to school;
I knew the bliss of her fond kiss
On that deep porch and cool;
And every night the blessèd sight
Of her above my bed
Consoled me for the boyish woes
Of absence—comforted I rose
When my brief prayer was said.

The change and strife of later life,
The years that leave me gray,
Have taken, too, that pictured view;
But cannot take away
The memory so dear to me,
That fond and wistful joy:
There stands my home, and mother's there,
So young, so good, so sweet and fair,
And I'm her little boy.

—*Oliver Marble.*

TO MY MOTHER

THE voices of the Loved and Lost are
stirring at my heart,
And memory's misered treasures leap to
life, with sudden start—

Thou art looking, smiling on me, as thou
hast looked and smiled, Mother,
And I am sitting at thy side, at heart a very
child, Mother!

I'm with thee now in soul, sweet Mother,
much as in those hours,
When all my wealth was in thy love, and in
the birds and flowers.

And by these holy yearnings, by these eyes
sweet tears wet,
I know there wells a spring of love through
all my being yet.

—*Gerald Massey.*

NATURE'S loving proxy, the watchful
mother.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

TO rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's
breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of
death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!

—*Alexander Pope.*

TO MY MOTHER

ONCE on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
There, safe and sound, lay shuddering, and wept
At the dark mystery of death.

Weary and weak, and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife,—
O Mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of life!

—*William Dean Howells.*

I TOAST the mother with the hallowed features,
Most blessèd one of all created creatures!
What man achieves he owes to woman's care—
A sweet wife's love or saintly mother's prayer.

—*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

BACK and forth in a rocker,
Lost in revery deep,
The mother rocked while trying
To sing the baby to sleep.

The baby began a-crowing,
For silent he couldn't keep—
And after awhile the baby
Had crowed his mother to sleep.

—*Richard Kendall Munkittrick.*

TO MY MOTHER

MOTHER, crooning soft and low,
Let not all thy fancies go,
Like swift birds, to the blue skies
Of thy darling's happy eyes,

Count thy baby's curls for beads,
As a sweet saint intercedes;
But on some fair ringlet's gold
Let a tender prayer be told

For the mother, all alone,
Who for singing maketh moan,
Who doth ever vainly seek
Dimpled arms and velvet cheek.

—*Mary Frances Butts.*

WHEN among all life's miracles I try
What highest argument may certify
That God is good, however things may seem,
On this I rest, and evil dims like dream,—
Each little soul that voyages toward birth,
When it arrives on earth,
Makes gentlest landfall on a mother's breast.

—*William C. Gannett.*

NIGHT sendeth the hour of all apart:
It bringeth the babe to Mother's heart.

—*Wilbur Dick Nesbit.*

TO MY MOTHER

THERE was a place in childhood that I
remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright
fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace were
given with joy to me
When I was in that happy place, upon my
mother's knee.

When fairy tales were ended, "Good night,"
she softly said,
And kissed, and laid me down to sleep within
my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—me-
thinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my
mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood, the perils
of my prime,
The sorrows of my riper years, the cares of
every time;
When doubt and danger weighed me down,
then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent
my mother's knee.

—*Samuel Lover.*

LET France have good mothers and she
will have good sons.

—*Napoleon.*

TO MY MOTHER

"NOW I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Was my childhood's early prayer
Taught by my mother's love and care.
Many years since then have fled;
Mother slumbers with the dead;
Yet methinks I see her now,
With lovelit eye and holy brow,
As, kneeling by her side to pray,
She gently taught me how to say,
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be re-created from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh, then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore,
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

—*Eugene Henry Pullen.*

I THINK it must somewhere be written, that the virtues of mothers shall be visited on their children as well as the sins of the fathers.

—*Charles Dickens.*

TO MY MOTHER

THERE is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land; but has thought on the mother "that looked upon his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness?

—*Washington Irving.*

POETS sing of Home, mothers sing at Home.

—*Alfred R. Jackson.*

MY Mother! With thy calm and holy brow,
And high devoted heart, which suffered still
Unmurmuring, through each degree of ill.
And, because Fate hath willed that mine should be
A poet's soul (at least in my degree),—
And that my verse would faintly shadow forth
What I have seen of pure unselfish worth,
Therefore I speak of thee; that those who read
That trust in woman, which is still my creed,
Thy early-widowed image may recall
And greet thy nature as the type of all.

—*Sarah Elizabeth Norton.*

TO MY MOTHER

MOTHERS are just the queerest things!
'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried,
When they said good-by that day.
She just talked and seemed to be
Not the slightest bit upset—
Was the only one who smiled!
Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John came back again,
On a furlough safe and sound,
With a medal for his deeds,
And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out!

—*Edwin L. Sabin.*

MY mother was as mild as any saint,
And nearly canonized by all she knew,
So gracious was her tact and tenderness.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

LORD, give the mothers of the world
More love to do their part;
That love which reaches not alone
The children made by birth their own,
But every childish heart.
Wake in their souls true motherhood,
Which aims at universal good.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

TO MY MOTHER

"I LOVE," she said, with her faint, sweet smile,
"But I shall not narrow this life of mine;
Or bid my spirit its thirst beguile
With the joys that women still count divine.
Why, I am a soul! I am part of God!
I doubt, and question,—have wings to mount;
Do you think I shall only moil and plod,
And fill my cup at the common fount?"

That was only a year and a day—
Last night her fingers were softly pressed
On the downy head of a babe, that lay
With warm, wet mouth at her gracious breast.
"Do you think," she said, "there is rarer bliss
Where the long bright cycles of heaven unroll?
Or any wonder more deep than this,
To share with God in a human soul?"

—Emily Huntington Miller.

MY merry little daughter
Was climbing out of bed—
"Don't you think I'm a good girl,"
My little daughter said;
"For all day long this lovely day
And all day long to-morrow,
I haven't done a single thing
To give my mother sorrow!"

TO MY MOTHER

THERE is no Love like a Mother's—
'Tis the Sun that shineth forth;
There is no Truth like a Mother's—
'Tis the Star that points the North;
There is no Hope like a Mother's—
'Tis the April in the clod;
There is no Trust like a Mother's—
'Tis the Charity of God:
The Love and Truth, the Hope and Trust
That make the mortal more than dust.

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

SOME of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly touch.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

AH, then how sweetly closed those crowded days!
The minutes parting one by one like rays,
That fade upon a summer's eve.
But oh! what charm, or magic numbers
Can give me back the gentle slumbers
Those weary, happy days did leave?
When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss;
Whatever Time destroys, he cannot this—
E'en now that nameless kiss I feel.

—*Washington Allston.*

TO MY MOTHER

DEAR beacon of my childhood's day,
The lodestar of my youth,
A mingled glow of tenderest love
And firm, unswerving truth,
I've wandered far o'er east and west,
'Neath many stranger skies,
But ne'er I've seen a fairer light
Than that in Mother's eyes.

—*L. M. Montgomery.*

NOT a great lady, this mother of mine,
Easy through social graces,
But her eyes are a-shine with a light divine,
As they gaze full of tenderness into mine,
And her spirit is lucid and clear and fine
As the angels in heavenly places.

—*Titus Lowe.*

COMPARING one man with another,
You'll find this maxim true,
That the man who is good to his mother
Will always be good to you!

—*Fred Emerson Brooks.*

THE ring so worn, as you behold,
So thin, so pale, was yet of gold:
The passion such it was to prove;
Worn with life's cares, love yet was love.

—*George Crabbe.*

On his Mother's Wedding Ring.

TO MY MOTHER

THERE are no colors in God's heaven-bent bow,
Nor is there music in the choiring spheres,
Can paint thy smile from out these youthful years,
Recall the music of thy voice so low
And sweet, dear mother, in the long ago.
But gone art thou. Ah! how the bitter tears
Burned deep into my heart! How memory sears,
But cannot heal those wounds, while tears still flow.
Back from those bright and happy days gone by,
Echoes of childish mirth and cradle song!
Thy guiding hand and presence then were nigh,
And I am weary, and life's road seems wrong.
I miss thy smiling face, thy watchful eye.
Life's heaven was short. Eternity's is long.

—*John Allister Currie.*

"SHALL I take your love to your mother," said a lady visitor, who was going to see the mother of a little child of three years.

"She has my love," was the reply.

TO MY MOTHER

THE mother sending forth her child
To meet with cares and strife,
Breathes through her tears her doubts and fears
For the loved one's future life.
No cold "adieu," no "farewell" lives
Within her choking sighs;
But the deepest sob of anguish gives,
"God bless thee, boy!—good-by!"

—*Eliza Cook.*

THE mother's heart is always with her children.

—*Proverb.*

NOW, boys, just a moment! you've all had your say
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way;
We've toasted our sweethearts, our friends, and our wives;
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives—
Here's to one in a million, the dearest, the best,
Like the sun in the heavens, she outshines the rest!
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all others,
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to "Our Mothers!"

TO MY MOTHER

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

TO MY MOTHER

OH, there's many a lovely picture
On memory's silent wall,
There's many a cherished image
That I tenderly recall!
The sweet home of my childhood,
With its singing brooks and birds,
The friends who grew around me,
With their loving looks and words;
The flowers that decked the wildwood,
The roses fresh and sweet,
The blue-bells and the daisies
That blossomed at my feet—
All, all are very precious,
And often come to me,
Like breezes from that country
That shines beyond death's sea.
But the sweetest, dearest image
That fancy can create
Is the image of my mother,
My mother at the gate.

—Matilda C. Edwards.

LET us drink with a will to the Maidens,
Who make for us paradise;
Let us drink to the gold of their tresses,
To the blue of their wondering eyes.
And now, when the toasting is ended,
Let us forthwith the goblet refill,
And drink to the Mothers! God bless them!
Come: a toast and a drink—with a will!

—Marie Beatrice Gannon.

TO MY MOTHER

THE good man took the Sacred Book,
And the trial of Abraham read,
Until in the solemn shadows,
The sorrow grew wondrous near;—
Fathers looked at their own bright sons,
And the mothers dropped a tear.

Thoughtful all sat a little space,
And then the Dominie said:
"David, couldst thou have done this thing?"
And the old man bowed his head,
And standing up with lifted face,
Answered: "I think I could,
For I have found through eighty years
That the Lord our God is good."

"Janet, you've been a mother oft,
Could your faith have stood the test?"
She raised her grandchild in her arms,
And she held it to her breast—
"God knows a mother's love," she said,
While the tears dropped from her eyes;
"And never from a mother's heart
Would have asked such sacrifice."

"O mother, wise," the preacher said,
"O mother, wise and good,
A deeper depth than man can reach
Thy heart hath understood.

Take Janet's sermon with you, friends,
And as your years go by,
Believe our Father no poor soul
Beyond its strength will try."

—Lillie E. Barr.

A Mother's Answer.

IF I had an eagle's wings,
How grand to sail the sky
But I should drop to the earth
If I heard my baby cry.
My baby—my darling,
The wings may go, for me.

If I were a splendid queen,
With a crown to keep in place,
Would it do for a little wet mouth
To rub all over my face?
My baby—my darling,
The crown may go for me.

—Eliza Sproat Turner.

ONCE I asked my mother why she wa'n't
a boy like me,
So she could grow to be a man and sail upon
the sea,
And be a famous Commodore and have a
lot of ships;
"I would rather be your mother," and her
love was on her lips.

—David Stearns.

TO MY MOTHER

A WIDOW,—she had only one!
A puny and decrepit son;
But, day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
A loving child, he was her all,—
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite—aye, so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
Though friends were fewer:
And while she toiled for daily fare,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then, and now I see
That, though resigned and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed much:
She has—HE gave it tenderly—
Much faith and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

—*Frederick Locker-Lampson.*

BUT one thing on earth is better than the wife, and that is the mother.

—*L. Schafer.*

THOU, while babes around thee cling,
Show us how divine a thing
A woman can be made.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

IT is a poor mother who cannot make her child's hair curl.

TO MY MOTHER

I AM weeping, mother, in your empty chamber;
Beyond the pane, a fair familiar scene;
As a far dream only may the man remember
All the mirth of childhood that hath been—
Hath been here about thy young joy, O my mother,
All the mirth and laughter of a child.
Was it I, indeed, and not another,
Whom you folded in your dear arms undefiled?
Our nursery with snowy-folded curtain!
Here you came to bless the dreaming boy,
All is melted to a memory uncertain,
Evening prayer, the game, and many a toy.

—Roden Noel.

LIKE a sick child that knoweth not
His mother while she blesses,
And droppeth on his burning brow
The coolness of her kisses;
And turns his fevered eyes around—
"My mother, where's my mother?"
As if such tender words and looks
Could come from any other.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

MOTHER is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one; for in her hands are placed minds, to be molded almost at her will.

"I'M wantin' to tell you, Davy," he said in a confidential way, as we trudged along, "about the gate o' heaven. . . . An' I been wantin' t' tell you," he added, "for a long, long time."

"Is you?"

"Aye, lad; an' about the women at the gate."

"Women, Skipper Tommy?" said I, puzzled. "An' pray, who is they?"

"Mothers," he answered. "Just mothers."

"What they doin' at the gate? No, no! They're not there. Sure they are playin' harps at the foot o' the throne."

"No," said he positively; "they're at the gate."

"What they doin' there?"

"Waitin'." . . .

"What 's they waitin' for?" I asked.

"Davy, lad," he answered, impressively, "they're waitin' for them they bore. That's what they're waitin' for."

"For their sons?"

"Aye, an' for their daughters, too." . . .

"Ah, but," I said, . . . "I'm thinkin' God would never allow it t' go on. He'd gather un there, at the foot o' the throne."

"Look you, lad," he explained, in a sage whisper, "They 're all mothers, an' they'd be *wantin'* t' stay where they was, an' ecod! they'd find a way."

—*Norman Duncan.*

Doctor Luke of the Labrador.

TO MY MOTHER

I HAVE been wont to bear my head right high,
My temper too is somewhat stern and rough;
Even before a monarch's cold rebuff
I would not timidly avert mine eye.
Yet, mother dear, I'll tell it openly:
Much as my haughty pride may swell and puff,
I feel submissive and subdued enough
When thy much cherished, darling form is nigh.
Is it thy spirit that subdues me then,
Thy spirit, grasping all things in thy ken,
And soaring to the light of heaven again?
By the sad recollection I'm oppressed
That I have done so much that grieves thy breast,
Which loved me, more than all things else, the best.

—*Edgar Alfred Bowring.*
From the German of Heine.

WOULD you know the baby's skies?
Baby's skies are mother's eyes.
Mother's eyes and smile together
Make the baby's pleasant weather.

Mother, keep your eyes from tears,
Keep your heart from foolish fears,
Keep your lips from dull complaining,
Lest the baby think 't is raining.

—*Mary C. Bartlett.*

TO MY MOTHER

IT'S a song of love and triumph, it's a song
of toil and care,
It is filled with chords of pathos, and it's
set in notes of prayer;
It is bright with dreams and visions of the
days that are to be,
And as strong in faith's devotion as the
heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices
from above,
And is starred with ripest blessing through
a mother's sacred love.
O sweet and strong and tender are the
memories that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my
mother sings.

—Thomas O'Hagan.

THE mother's heart is the child's school-
room. *—Henry Ward Beecher.*

IT never dies,—a mother's love
Strengthens with every ill that may be-
tide;
In every phase of life its waters move
With current strong, and fathomless, and
wide.
From the heart oft other flames may rise,
And while they seem as warm and grand
and high,
The incense of one lives to reach the skies,—
A mother's tender love can never die.

—E. O. Jewell.

TO MY MOTHER

HUNDREDS of stars in the pretty sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore together,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by—
Hundreds of birds in the sunny weather,

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world over.

The Mother smooths her baby's pillow—
Of lace and lawn and softest down;
Oh, so she'd smooth out life's least billow,
All its mountains, and every frown!

—Ira M. Webster.

A LITTLE motherless maid!—what is more pitiful in the eyes of men and angels?

—M. D. Hillmer.

MY dear mother with the truthfulness of a mother's heart, ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and even against hope kept prophesying good.

—Thomas Carlyle.

TO MY MOTHER

MY little dear, so fast asleep,
Whose arms about me cling,
What kisses shall she have to keep
While she is slumbering!

Upon her golden baby-hair
The golden dreams I'll kiss
Which Life spread, through my morning fair,
And I have saved, for this.

Upon her baby eyes I'll press
The kiss Love gave to me,
When his great joy and loveliness
Made all things fair to see.

And on her lips, with smiles astir,
Ah me, what prayer of old
May now be kissed to comfort her,
Should Love or Life grow cold?

—*Dollie Radford.*

MOTHER'S kiss—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

—*William Allingham.*

THE bride she sorrowed for three short weeks,
Three years the sister wore blanched white cheeks;
But the mother she nursed unending woe,
Till she herself to the grave did go.

TO MY MOTHER

SLEEP on, my mother! sweet and innocent dreams
Attend thee, best and dearest! Dreams that gild
Life's clouds like setting suns, with pleasures filled,
And saintly joy, such as thy mind beseems,—
Thy mind where never stormy passion gleams
Where their soft nest the dovelike virtues build;
And calmest thoughts, like violets distilled,
Their fragrance mingle with bright wisdom's beams.

Sleep on, sweet mother! not the lily's bell
So sweet; not the enamored west wind's sighs
That shake the dewdrop from her snowy cell
So gentle, not that dewdrop ere it flies
So pure. E'en slumber loves with thee to dwell,
O model most beloved of good and wise.

—*Mary Russell Mitford.*

MOTHER is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

THE mother makes us most.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

TO MY MOTHER

SILENT and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone?
There are no little faces to wash to-night,
No little troubles for mother to right,
No little blue eyes to be sung to sleep,
No little playthings to be put up to keep,
No little garments to hang on the rack,
No little tales to tell, no nuts to crack,
No little trundle-beds brimful of rollick,
Calling for mamma to settle the frolic,
No little soft lips to press me with kisses—
Oh! such a sad, lonely evening as this is;
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear mamma, good night, good night."
Silent the house is, no little ones here,
To startle a smile or chase back a tear.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where are my little ones gone?
It seemeth but yesterday since they were young;
Now they are all scattered the world's paths among;
Out where the great rolling tide-stream is flowing,
Out where new firesides with love-light are glowing,
Out where the graves of their life-hopes are sleeping,

TO MY MOTHER

Not to be comforted,—weeping, still weeping,
Out where the high hills of science are blending,
Up mid the cloud-rifts—up, up, still ascending,
Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain;
Drinking and thirsting still, still at the fountain;
Out in life's throughfare, all of them moiling.
Out in the wide world, striving and toiling,
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones all,
That went when I bade and came at my call,
Have you deserted me? Will you not come
Back to your mother's arms, back to the home?

—Frances D. Gage.

LOVE! love!—there are soft smiles and gentle words,
And there are faces, skillful to put on
The look we trust in—and 't is mockery all:
A faithless mist, a desert-vapor, wearing
The brightness of clear waters, thus to clear
The thirst that semblance kindled—there is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no font
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
A mother's heart.

—Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

TO MY MOTHER

THERE are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,
Far richer than any other:
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard
Is the blessed name of "Mother."

O magical word may it never die
From the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts
That even would break to keep it.

Was there ever a name that lived like this?
Will there ever be such another?
The angels have reared in heaven a shrine
To the holy name of "Mother."

—*A Year of Beautiful Thoughts.*

THE Mother looketh from her latticed pane—
Her children's voices echoing sweet and clear:
With merry leap and bound her side they gain,
Offering their wild field-flow'rets: all are dear,
Yet still she listens with an absent ear:
For while the strong and lovely round her press,
A halt uneven step sounds drawing near:
And all she leaves, that crippled child to bless,
Folding him to her heart with cherishing caress.

—*Sarah Elizabeth Norton.*

TO MY MOTHER

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she never spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face cloth from his face;
Yet she never moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

WHERE crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

—*Ellen M. H. Gates.*

ALL women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That is his.

—*Oscar Wilde.*

TO MY MOTHER

ONLY a factory girl,
And she works in the noisy mill,
But her hands are deft, and her arms are strong,
And she sings at her work the whole day long,
And she works with a right good will;
For mother at home is growing old,
And mother's house is poor and cold,
And the wintry winds are chill;
And she longs for the day to quickly come
When mother may have a better home,
And so she toils in the mill.

Only a factory girl,
Her mother's hope and stay,
But her love is strong for every one,
Like the glowing beams of the morning sun
As he ushers in the day.
Her flowers she gives to the sick and poor,
And she always keeps an open door
For all who come that way.
And for all who live by constant toil,
In mill or mine or on the soil,
She hopes for a better day.

—*C. J. Buell.*

MY world may be small, but 'tis happy
And peaceful, far from the mad whirl,
And the day's toil is lost and forgotten
In the kiss of my wee baby girl.

—*Louise Malloy.*

TO MY MOTHER

BECAUSE of one dear infant Head
With golden hair,
To me all little heads
A halo wear;
And for one saintly face I know
All babes are fair.

Because of two wide earnest Eyes
Of heavenly blue,
Which looked with yearning gaze
My sad soul through,
All eyes now fill my own with tears
Whate'er their hue.

Because of little death-marked Lips,
Which once did call
My name in childish tones,
No voices fall
Upon my ear in vain appeal
From children small.

Two little Hands held in my own
Long, long ago,
Now cause me as I wander through
This world of woe,
To clasp each baby hand stretched out
In fear of foe:
The lowest cannot plead in vain—
I loved Him so!

TO MY MOTHER

THERE are whips and toys and pieces of strings,
  There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken things,
  And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
  There are toys and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
  And marked by the finger-tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust;
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
  Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That a Reaper has spared so many flowers
  And taken mine away;
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

And then I think of my children two—
  My babes that never grew old;
To know they are waiting and watching for you,
  In the city with streets of gold!
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
  From sorrow and sin and war;
And I thank my God with falling tears
  For the things in the bottom drawer.

TO MY MOTHER

WHEN Mother was a little girl,
Now many years ago,
She had to mind her P's and Q's,
She had to walk just so;
And if her mother said, "Be quiet!"
She didn't dare say "Booh!"
For fear they'd send her off to bed,—
Without her supper, too.

When Mother grew to womanhood,
And got her children, then
She found the fashion turned around,—
She had to mind again:
To-day it's Margaret, Jean, and Jane
Who do the talking, and
Poor Mother doesn't dare say "Booh!"
Except upon command.

—*William Wallace Whitelock.*

LET every honest man praise God that all his life through he has the privilege, the royal honor, of daily association with Mothers: In youth with the fountain at once of his life and of his dearest memories; in manhood with the sweeter mother of his own sweet babes!

—*Eben Willis Smith.*

THE good mother saith not, "Will you?" but gives.

—*Proverb.*

TO MY MOTHER

BEFORE me toiled in the whirling wind
A woman with bundles great and small,
And after her tugged, a step behind,
The Bundle she loved the best of all.

A dear little roly-poly boy
With rosy cheeks, and a jacket blue,
Laughing and chattering full of joy,
And here's what he said—I tell you true:

"You're the goodest mother that ever was."
A voice as clear as a forest bird's;
And I'm sure the glad young heart had cause
To utter the sweet of the lovely words.

Perhaps the woman had worked all day
Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed;
I knew, by her weary footfall's way,
That life for her was an uphill road.

But here was a comfort. Children dear,
Think what a comfort you might give
To the very best friend you can have here,
The lady fair in whose house you live,

If once in a while you'd stop and say,—
In task or play for a moment pause,
And tell her in sweet and winning way,
"You're the goodest mother that ever was."

TO MY MOTHER

"O RATAPLAN! It is a merry note,
And, mother, I'm for 'listing in the morn";
"And would ye, son, to wear a scarlet coat,
Go leave your mother's latter age forlorn?"
"O mother, I am sick of sheep and goat,
Fat cattle, and the reaping of the corn;
I long to see the British colors float;
For glory, glory, glory, was I born!"

She saw him march. It was a gallant sight.
She blest herself, and praised him for a man.
And straight he hurried to the bitter fight,
And found a bullet in the drear Soudan.
They dug a shallow grave—'t was all they might;
And that's the end of glory. Rataplan!

—*Edward Cracroft Lefroy.*

BLESSED is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now, like the beautiful perfume of some woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing melody of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces will fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on until the light from Heaven's portals will glorify our own.

TO MY MOTHER

I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would you learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with a lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding tears run down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

—*Eliza Cook.*

MONEY builds the house, mothers make the home.

—*George Zell.*

TO MY MOTHER

IF you have a gray-haired mother in the
old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter you've put
off from day to day.
Don't wait until her weary steps reach
Heaven's pearly gate,
But show her that you think of her, before it
is too late.

—George Bancroft Griffith.

MOTHER'S smile—that smile
Of all, best fitted sorrow to beguile,
And strengthen hope, and, by unmarked
degrees,
Encourage to their birth high purposes.

—William Gilmore Simms.

LONG, long before the Babe could speak,
And to her bosom press,
The brightest angels standing near
Would turn away to hide a tear—
For they were motherless.

—John Banister Tabb.

IN the heavens above
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find, amid their burning terms of love,
None so devotional as that of "mother."

—Edgar Allan Poe.

TO MY MOTHER

MY Mother! When I learned that thou
wast dead,
Say, Wast thou conscious of the tears I
shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son?
Wretch even then, Life's journey just be-
gun!
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a
kiss?
Perhaps, a tear? if souls can weep in bliss.
Ah, that maternal smile! It answers "Yes!"

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And, turning from my nursery window,
drew
A long, long sigh; and wept a last Adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art
gone,
Adieus! and Farewells! are a sound un-
known!
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no
more!

The maidens grieved themselves at my con-
cern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And disappointed still, was still deceived!
Dupe of To-Morrow, even from a child,
By expectation every day beguiled!
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,

TO MY MOTHER

Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned, at last, submission to my lot:
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot!

—*William Cowper.*

ON Euripides' plays we debated,
In College, one chill winter night;
A student rose up, while we waited
For more intellectual light.
As he stood, pale and anxious, before us,
Three words, like a soft summer wind,
Went past us and through us and o'er us—
A whisper low-breathed: "He is blind!"

And in many a face there was pity,
And in many an eye there were tears;
For his words were not buoyant and witty,
As fitted his fresh summer years.
And he spoke once or twice, as none other
Could speak, of a woman's pure ways—
He remembered the face of his mother
Ere darkness had blighted his days.

—*Edmund John Armstrong.*

WHAT mother is so blest as she who finds in her little one's face not only something of her own look, but also the look of her mother?

—*John Q. Wilson.*

TO MY MOTHER

THE mother yields her little babe to sleep
Upon her tender breast,
And singing still a lullaby,
Hushes its heart to rest:
"O sleep in peace upon my bosom,
And sweetly may your small dreams blossom;
And from the fears that made me weep you,
And from all pains, as soft you sleep you,
The angels lightly guard and keep you,
And hold you blest!

"Your mother, dear, is often full of fear,
As the moments run;
Her love entwines so close, ah dear,—
Dearest little one.
Her song is in its music weeping,
To think of death and its dark keeping,
That yet might turn those red cheeks white,—
Life's rose, that grows so in her sight,—
And your bright eyes, like morning light,
Dearest little one!"

—*Ernest Rhys.*

I SEE the sleeping babe, nestling the breast of its mother;
The sleeping mother and babe—hushed, I study them long and long.

—*Walt Whitman.*

TO MY MOTHER

HALF the long night, my children, I lie waking
Till the dawn rustles in the old thorn tree,
Then dream of you, while the red morn is breaking
Beyond that broad salt sea;

In this poor room, where many a time the measure
Of your low, regular breathing in mine ear,
Brought to my listening heart a keener pleasure
Than any music clear;

Here, where your soft heads in my bosom laying,
Ye nestled, with your hearts to my heart pressed;
And I have felt your little fingers playing,
All night, around my breast.

How could ye leave me? Did ye think a mother
Was natured like a bird in summer's prime,
Who leaves her young brood, hopeful of another
In the next glad spring time?

—*Cecil Frances Alexander.*

TO MY MOTHER

HOW steadfastly she worked at it!
How lovingly had dressed
With all her would-be mother's wit,
That little rosy nest!

How lovingly she'd hang on it!—
It sometimes seemed, she said,
There lay beneath its coverlet
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
Ere bleak December fled;
That rosy nest he never pressed—
Her coffin was his bed.

—*Austin Dobson.*

WHAT is home without a mother?
What are all the joys we meet?
When her loving smile no longer
Greets the coming of our feet?
The days are long, the nights are drear,
And time rolls slowly on;
And oh, how few are childhood's pleasures,
When her loving care is gone.

—*Alice Hawthorne.*

THE world has no such flower in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf the sea,
As any babe on any mother's knee.

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

TO MY MOTHER

WHEN barren doubt, like a late coming snow,
Made an unkind December of my spring,
That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,
And the sweet birds their love no more would sing;
Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,
Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart;
Fond feeling saved me from the utter scathe,
And from the hope I could not live apart.

—*Arthur Henry Hallam.*

NOW in memory comes my mother,
As she used long years agone,
To regard the darling dreamers
Ere she left them till the dawn;
Oh, I see her leaning o'er me,
As I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.

—*Coates Kinney.*

AH! blessed are they for whom 'mid all their pains
That faithful and unaltered love remains;
Who, life wrecked round them, hunted from their rest,
And by all else forsaken or distressed,
Claim in one heart their sanctuary and shrine
As I, my Mother, claimed my place in thine.

—*Sarah Elizabeth Norton.*

TO MY MOTHER

OH, if I could only make you see
The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul, and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while,
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

—*Alice Cary.*

WHEN she, a maiden slim,
Suffered his yoke and bondage, on she took
Smooth matron's ways and dalliance forsook
With gossip-girls in girls' shy eagerness
To wonder at men's deeds; and with the dress
Of wife attuned her heart in graver mood
To bear the sober fruits of Motherhood.
A many children him in time she bore,
So many treasure-houses for her store
Of love, which ever waxed as each new voice
Wailing for succor made her heart rejoice
That she was almoner.

—*Maurice Hewlett.*

THE woman was weak, but the mother found strength.

—*Victor Hugo.*

TO MY MOTHER

LORD, Who ordainest for mankind
Benignant toils and tender cares!
We thank Thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank Thee for the hopes that rise
Within her heart, as, day by day,
The dawning soul, from those young eyes,
Looks, with a clearer, steadier ray.

And grateful for the blessing given
With that dear infant on her knee,
She trains the eye to look to Heaven,
The voice to lisp a prayer to Thee.

Such thanks the blesséd Mary gave,
When from her lap the Holy Child,
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.

All-Gracious! grant to those who bear
A mother's charge the strength and light
To lead the steps that own their care
In ways of Love, and Truth, and Right.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

EVERY man, for the sake of the great blessed Mother in Heaven, and for the love of his own little mother on earth, should handle all womankind gently, and hold them in all honor.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

TO MY MOTHER

THE light upon his eyelids pricked them wide
And staring out at us with all their blue,
As half perplexed between the angelhood
He had been away to visit in his sleep,
And our most mortal presence, gradually
He saw his mother's face, accepting it
In change for heaven itself with such a smile
As might have well been learnt there.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

CHILDREN are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hope and fear, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His waking arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

—*Walter Savage Landor.*

FOR unwearying patience and unchanging tenderness, the love of a true mother stands next to the love of our Father in Heaven.

—*A Year of Beautiful Thoughts.*

TO MY MOTHER

JUST when each bud was big with bloom,
And as prophetic of perfume,
When spring, with her bright horoscope,
Was sweet as an unuttered hope;

Just when the last star flickered out,
And twilight, like a soul in doubt,
Hovered between the dark and dawn,
And day lay waiting to be born;

Just when the gray and dewy air
Grew sacred as an unvoiced prayer,
And somewhere through the dusk she heard
The stirring of a nested bird,—

Four angels glorified the place:
Wan Pain unveiled her awful face;
Joy, soaring, sang; Love, brooding, smiled;
Peace laid upon her breast a child.

—Annie R. Stillman

MAIDS must be wives and mothers, to fulfill
The entire and holiest end of women's being.

—Frances Anne Kemble.

MOTHER'S love grows by giving.

—Charles Lamb.

BUT strive still to be man before your mother.

—William Cowper.

TO MY MOTHER

THERE was a gathered stillness in the room:
Only the breathing of the great sea rose
From far off, aiding that profound repose,
With regular pulse and pause within the gloom
Of twilight, as if some impending doom
Was now approaching;—I sat moveless there,
Watching with tears and thoughts that were like prayer,
Till the hour struck,—the thread dropped from the loom;
And the Bark passed in which freed souls are borne.
The dear stilled face lay there; that sound forlorn
Continued; it rose not, but long sat by:
And now my heart oft hears that sad sea-shore,
When she is in the far-off land, and I
Wait the dark sail returning yet once more.

—William Bell Scott.

My Mother.

A MOTHER'S arms are made of tenderness and children sleep soundly in them.

—Victor Hugo.

HEAVEN is kind, as a noble mother.

Thomas Carlyle.

TO MY MOTHER

THREE things there be that nearly break my heart:
The thought of Christmas and my mother's part
In all its sweetness; the soft prayer she said
And I beside her ready for my bed;
And her last kiss at night. Woe's me, alone
Here waiting, waiting—and my mother gone!

—*Christopher Bannister.*

WHERE yet was ever found a mother
Who'd give her boobv for another.

—*John Gay.*

THEY say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—*William Ross Wallace.*

A MOTHER who boasts two boys was ever accounted rich.

—*Robert Browning.*

TO MY MOTHER

WHAT is there down so deep
But mother's love will find it?
Cover it over and hide it well,
Neither with lips, nor by glances tell;
Have you a trouble? Wherever it dwell,
Mother's love finds it out.

What is there up so high,
But mother's love can share it?
All that is noble, and good and true,—
That which enriches and blesses you,—
What you accomplish, and purpose to do;
Mother's love shares it all.

Is anything too hard
For mother to do for you?
No, obstacles vanish, and cares grow light,
Dangers diminish, and clouds become bright,
Burdens grow small, and roll out of sight
For mother when doing for you.

—*A Year of Beautiful Thoughts.*

THE very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quenched by her.

—*Lord Byron.*

TO MY MOTHER

I LOVED the woman; he that doth not, lives
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,
Or pines in sad experience worse than death,
Or keeps his winged affections clipped with crime:
Yet was there one through whom I loved her, one
Not learnéd, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipped
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the Gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

I REMEMBER my mother's prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

TO MY MOTHER

SHE seemed an angel to our infant eyes
Once when the glorifying moon revealed
Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled,—
Soft-voiced and golden haired, from holy skies
Flown to her love on wings of Paradise,—
We looked to see the pinions half-concealed.
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me who loved her in this wise.

And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perhaps the years have changed her, yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy.

—*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

A Mother's Picture.

THERE is a sight all hearts beguiling—
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who, with spread arms and dancing feet,
And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.

—*Joanna Baillie.*

TO MY MOTHER

MY little one begins his feet to try,
A tottering, feeble, inconsistent way;
Pleased with the effort, he forgets his play,
And leaves his infant baubles where they lie.
Laughing and proud his mother flutters nigh
Turning to go, yet joy-compelled to stay,
And, bird-like, singing what her heart would say;
But not so certain of my bliss am I.
For I bethink me of the days in store
Wherein those feet must traverse realms unknown,
And half forget the pathway to our door.
And I recall that in the seasons flown
We were his all—as he was all our own—
But never can be quite so any more.

—Andrew Brice Saxton.

SHE broke the bread into two fragments, and gave them to the children, who ate with avidity. "She has kept none for herself," grumbled the sergeant. "Because she is not hungry," said a soldier. "Because she is a mother," said the sergeant.

—Victor Hugo.

GOD and thy mother watch o'er thee keep.

TO MY MOTHER

O WHEN the half-light weaves
Wild shadows on the floor,
How ghostly come the withered leaves
Stealing about my door!

I sit and hold my breath,
Lone in the lonely house;
Naught breaks the silence still as death,
Only a creeping mouse.

The patter of leaves it may be,
But like a patter of feet,
The small feet of my own baby
That never felt the heat.

The small feet of my son,
Cold as the graveyard sod;
My little, dumb, unchristened one
That may not win to God.

"Come in, dear babe," I cry,
Opening the door so wide.
The leaves go stealing softly by;
How dark it is outside!

And though I kneel and pray
Long on the threshold-stone,
The little feet press on their way,
And I am ever alone.

—*Katharine Tynan Hinkson.*

TO MY MOTHER

THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
Like troubled spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go;
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thought goes back to distant years,
And lingers with a dear one there;
And as I hear the child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me,—
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.

O for an hour in that dear place!
O for the peace of that dear time!
O for that childish trust sublime!
O for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,—
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

—Eugene Field.

OH, the love of a mother, love which none can forget.

—Victor Hugo.

TO MY MOTHER

I'D a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh, the touching sight
Makes me still to weep—
Of my little lad,
Soon to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in Heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,
Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh, it did not burn!
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

—*William Barnes.*
The Mother's Dream.

ALL that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

TO MY MOTHER

EYES of blue and hair of gold
Cheeks all brown with summer tan,
Lips that much of laughter hold,
That is mother's little Man.

Shining curls like chestnut brown,
Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid,
Sweetest face in all the town,
That is mother's little Maid.

Dainty room with snow-white bed,
Where, two flowers with petals curled,
Rest in peace two dreaming heads,
That is mother's little World.

—*Margaret Alden.*

IT may be, mother mine, when you departed,
White and silent, that you did not wholly go,
Never left your children broken-hearted,
Help them more, are nearer than they know.
And your remembered tones are more than music,
More than day the memory of your smile;
Clear from all the cadences of sorrow,
May I hear them, and behold them in a little while!

—*Roden Noel.*

THE real religion of the world comes from women much more than from men —from mothers most of all, who carry the key of our souls in their bosoms.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO MY MOTHER

A MOTHER'S Love—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's Love?—
A noble, pure, and tender flame
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mold;
The warmest love that can grow cold:
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone:
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks
And lend a finger when it walks:
This is a Mother's Love.

—*James Montgomery.*

OH, children, more than angels ye;
Of blossoms more than bud;
And, perfecting perfection, see!
With you goes Motherhood.

—*Wallace Rice.*

TO MY MOTHER

TO hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views:
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My Mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

—*George Pope Morris.*

NEVER was prideful wealth, power, or fame
That glanced not back beyond its haughtiness
With tenderest longing and a welling eye
Unto those earlier days, when a clear flame
Burned steadfast on the hearth of home, to bless
A past that knew no pomp, to smile and sigh
Wistfully for that better, finer part:
The unselfishness that is a mother's heart.

—*Christopher Bannister.*

TO MY MOTHER

HERE, in her old work-basket—
Now that my mother's gone—
I find a thread of silver—
A single hair alone,

Than filigree more slender;
And yet that thread is strong
To draw my heart and crush it,
Till tears are all its song.

I knew when her locks were golden,
And here, night after night,
Over this old work-basket,
I saw them change to white.

This little thread surviving,
That tender mother gone!—
What wonder I am weeping
As I sit here alone!

—*Christopher Bannister.*

EVEN He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of His mother, as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought—the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for Heaven.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

ALL that I am my mother made me.

—*John Quincy Adams.*

TO MY MOTHER

FAITHFUL remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm in my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

—*William Cowper,*
On His Mother's Portrait.

TO bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among His own to choose.

—*Jean Ingelow,*
On Maternity.

NEVER comes mortal utterance so near to eternity as when a child utters words of loving praise to a mother! Every syllable drops into the jewel box of her memory, to be treasured for ever and ever.

—*George B. Lyon.*

TO MY MOTHER

I AM a Mother!—that, and no other,
Lying in peace with my babe at my breast;
All my fears banished, all my pain vanished;
Happy—and numbered at last with the blest!

Here, at my bosom, I nourish a blossom,
Fairest of flowers—and mine, mine alone!
How I yearned for thee long ere I bore thee—
Thee, little baby, now come to thine own!

Ah, my sweet dearest, thou 'st brought me nearest
To Heaven a mortal may be 'neath the sun:
I am a Mother—that, and no other!
Here is the crown of my womanhood won!

—*Frances Viola Holden.*

MY Mother, with thy calm and holy brow
And high devoted heart, which suffered still
Unmurmuring, through each degree of ill,
Therefore I speak of thee; that those who read
That trust in woman, which is still my creed,
Thy early-widowed image may recall
And greet thy nature as the type of all!

—*Sarah Elizabeth Norton.*

TO MY MOTHER

IN my darling's bosom
Has dropped a living rosebud,
Fair as brilliant Hesper
Against the brimming flood.
She handles him,
She dandles him,
She fondles him and eyes him:
And if upon a tear he wakes,
With many a kiss she dries him:
She covets every move he makes,
And never enough can prize him.
Ah, the young Usurper!
I yield my golden throne:
Such angel bands attend his hands
To claim it for his own.

—*George Meredith.*

A FATHER may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent.

–*Washington Irving.*

MEMORIES of mothers are sweet, but never as sweet as mothers themselves. Some of us forget this.

—*M. D. Hillmer.*

TO MY MOTHER

SINCE you were tired and went away
We've brought you flowers every day,
Now through your grass live daisies peer,
O mother, mother dear!

They say you are not very far,
But since we cry we know you are;
We should not cry if you were near,
O mother, mother dear!

Mother, you know we sometimes cry
In the dark night, we don't know why;
You would not let us cry for fear,
O mother, mother dear!

We think perhaps you did not know
Your little children loved you so,
Or you would not have left them here,
O mother, mother dear!

If we are good we think that then
Perhaps you will come back again;
Come in a week—a month—a year,
O mother, mother dear!

O mother, mother, come to-day!
Why did you ever go away?
We are so tired of being here
Without you, mother dear!

—*E. Nesbit Bland.*

TO MY MOTHER

A PICTURE memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But, wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known,
My mother's chastening love I own.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not
The tears that overflow thine urn,
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,
Nor, if thou knewest, could'st return!
And why the wish! the pure and blest
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.
O peaceful night! O envied rest!
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

—Walter Savage Landor.

IF you've an old mother who loves you to-day,
Your life should be merry, your work should be play;
For think of the motherless children there are,
Who still plow the roads leading ever so far!

—Edward A. Guest.

TO MY MOTHER

I THOUGHT it was the little bed
I slept in long ago;
A straight white curtain at the head,
And two smooth knobs below.

I thought I saw the nursery fire,
And in a chair well known
My mother sat, and did not tire
With reading all alone.

If I should make the slightest sound
To show that I'm awake,
She'd rise, and lap the blankets round,
My pillow softly shake;

Kiss me, and turn my face to see
The shadows on the wall,
And then sing "Rousseau's Dream" to me
Till fast asleep I fall.

But this is not my little bed;
That time is far away;
'Mongst strangers cold I live instead,
From dreary day to day.

—*William Allingham.*

MY Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honor and of gain,
Oh! do not dread thy mother's door;
Think not of me with grief and pain.

—*William Wordsworth.*

TO MY MOTHER

OH, there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart! It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity—and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

—*Washington Irving.*

NOW welcome, welcome, baby boy, unto
a mother's fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow
of her tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all he
hopes to do,
A future man of his own land, to live him
o'er anew.

—*John Banim.*

THE future destiny of the child is always
the work of the mother.

—*Napoleon.*

TO MY MOTHER

BEHOLD a woman!
She looks out from her Quaker-cap—
her face is clearer and more beautiful
than the sky.
She sits in an arm-chair, under the shaded
porch of the farmhouse,
The sun just shines on her old white head.

Her ample gown is of cream-hued linen:
Her grandsons raised the flax and her grand-
daughters spun it with the distaff and
wheel.

The melodious character of the earth,
The finish beyond which philosophy cannot
go, and does not wish to go,
The justified mother of men.

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work
the Almighty Will.

So like a sword, the son shall roam
On nobler missions sent;
And as the smith remained at home
In peaceful turret pent,
So sits the while at home the Mother
well content.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

TO MY MOTHER

ST. LEON raised his kindling eye,
And lifted sparkling cup on high.
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose memory never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead;

"To one, whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said, "My Mother!"

WHAT is there quite so profoundly human as an old man's memory of a mother who died in his earlier years? Mother she remains till manhood, and by-and-by she grows to be as a sister; and at last, when, wrinkled and bowed and broken, he looks back upon her in her fair youth, he sees in the sweet image he caresses not his parent, but, as it were, his child.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

TO MY MOTHER

O SWEET unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings!
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hour of promise in the lap of childhood's days.
The orchard blooms anew, and each blossom scents the way,
And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

—*Thomas O'Hagan.*

A MOTHER is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE melodies of many lands erewhile have charmed mine ear,
Yet there's but one among them all which still my heart holds dear;
I heard it first from lips I loved, my tears it then beguiled,
It was the song my mother sang when I was but a child.

—*C. W. Glover.*

TO MY MOTHER

INFANT! I envy thee
Thy seraph smile, thy soul without a stain:
Angels around thee hover in thy glee,
A look of love to gain.

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom; and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blesséd things rejoice.

—*Robert Nicoll.*

A SWEET-EYED child
Looked down and smiled,
As to her breast
Her doll she pressed,
Then raised her head
And softly said:
"Mamma, when you—
Before you grew
So tall—wore frocks
Above your knee
And were like me
A girlie small—
Was I your doll?"

—*Agnes Lee.*

WOMANLINESS means only motherhood;
All love begins and ends there.

—*Robert Browning.*

TO MY MOTHER

DEAR beacon of my childhood's day,
The lodestar of my youth,
A mingled glow of tenderest love
And firm, unswerving truth,
I've wandered far o'er east and west,
'Neath many stranger skies,
But ne'er I've seen a fairer light
Than that in mother's eyes.

In childhood when I crept to lay
My tired head on her knee,
How gently shone the mother-love
In those dear eyes on me;
And when in youth my eager feet
Roamed from her side afar,
Where'er I went that light divine
Was aye my guiding star.

In hours when all life's sweetest buds
Burst into dewy bloom,
In hours when cherished hopes lay dead,
In sorrow and in gloom;
In evening's hush, or morning's glow,
Or in the solemn night,
Those mother eyes still shed on me
Their calm, unchanging light.

—*L. M. Montgomery.*

ONE mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters.

—*Proverb.*

TO MY MOTHER

I LOVE old mothers—mothers with white hair
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes
That far outreaches all philosophy.
Time, with caressing touch, about them weaves
The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seemed joinèd to lend sweetness to their speech.
Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed step,
Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's strength.
Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden-walks, old roses, and old loves.

—*Charles S. Ross.*

"IT is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something," said the enthusiastic kindergartner. "As far as I have noticed," said the mother of six, "it is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something else."

TO MY MOTHER

NO matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made;
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin;
No matter how low is his standard of joy;—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild
For her sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

—*Francis L. Keeler.*

LOVE unfailing, kindly counsel, all the pleasure
In your mere delightful presence, and your smile
It is loss that none may map or measure;
Life will feel it every weary mile.

—*Roden Noel.*
To My Mother.

TO MY MOTHER

DERE 's allus joy when de chillen's home,
Oh, Lawdy, when a' tinks—
De tears somehow dey allus come
An' blind me when a' winks.

Dere 's Gen'l Grant—He 's like he's paw,
(Go 'way, you teahs, go way)
An' Ann Jenette, she 's like heh maw—
An' Sam 's like boff, dey say.

An' Abem Linkum, he 's de boy
Whah makes ma old heaht ache;
He do so many cu'us tings—
Dey keep his maw awake.

But den dey is my chillens—
An' so de teahs mus' fall,
Do some is good, an' some—ah sho'
Yo' maw she lubs yo' all.

—Florence Griswold Connor.

HOME is a box of jewels, more precious than diamonds or fine rubies. Here, in childhood dwelt your mother's love; here, in riper years, the love of your children and their mother.

—Albert B. Galloway.

HOW can a Being who is all love not be Mother as well as Father?

—E. L. Valentine.

TO MY MOTHER

MOTHER! Home!—that blest refrain
Sounds through every hastening year:
All things go, but these remain

Held in memory's jewelled chain,
Names most precious, names thrice dear:
Mother! Home!—that blest refrain.

How it sings away my pain!
How it stills my waking fear!
All things go, but these remain.

Griefs may grow and sorrows wane,
E'er that melody I hear:
Mother! Home!—that blest refrain,

Tenderness in every strain,
Thoughts to worship and revere;
All things go, but these remain;

Every night you smile again,
Every day you bring me cheer:
Mother! Home!—that blest refrain:
All things go, but these remain!

—*John Jarvis Holden.*

IF the child is father to the man, how much more surely the girl is mother to the woman.

—*John B. Frothingham.*

TO MY MOTHER

IF e'er from human bliss or woe
I feel the sympathetic glow;
If e'er my heart hath learned to know
The generous wish or prayer,
Who sowed the germ with tender hand?
Who marked its infant leaves expand?
My mother's fostering care.
And if one flower of charms refined
May grace the garden of my mind,
'T was she who nursed it there.
She loved to cherish and adorn
Each blossom of the soil,
To banish every weed and thorn,
That oft opposed her toil.

—*Felicia Dorothea Hemans.*

THE bearing and the training of a child is woman's wisdom.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

A MOTHER is the truest friend we have; when trials, heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends who rejoice with us in our sunshine, desert us when troubles thicken around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

—*Washington Irving.*

TO MY MOTHER

YOUTH fades, love droops, the leaves
of friendship fall:
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.
—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

MAMMA, at night, puts out my light,
And leaves me in my bed;
Then dreadful things with peakèd wings,
Go sailing round my head.

I can espy a horrid eye
That looks right through the sheet.
Mamma tells me I only see
The lamp upon the street.

She says that guardian angels fair,
With little children stay;
But, when her step dies on the stair,
I hear them go away.

So, if God means to be good
To little children in the night,
I wish He'd leave—of course He could—
My own mamma—and light.
—*Mary Baldwin.*

O CHASER of the dragon-flies at play,
O son, my son!
I wonder where thy little feet to-day
Have run!
—*From the Japanese.*

TO MY MOTHER

OFT in the after days, when thou and I
Have fallen from the scope of human view,
When, both together, under the sweet sky
We sleep beneath the daisies and the dew,
Men will recall thy gracious presence bland,
Conning the pictured sweetness of thy face;
Will pore o'er painting by thy plastic hand,
And vaunt thy skill and tell thy deeds of grace.
Oh, may they then, who crown thee with true bays,
Saying, " What love unto her son she bore!"
Make this addition to thy perfect praise,
"Nor ever yet was mother worshiped more!"
So shall I live with thee, and thy dear fame
Shall link my love unto thine honored name.

—*Julian Fane.*

MY Mother's voice, how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew to the unconscious flowers.
I can forget her melting prayer
When leaping pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my Mother's knee.

—*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

TO MY MOTHER

BESIDE her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widowed mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmured her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

While thus she sat, a sunbeam broke
Into the room; the babe awoke
And from its cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,
"Forgive me that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure:
"The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair!"

—*John Wilson.*

A MAN never knows all that his mother has been to him till it's too late to let her know that he sees it.

—*William Dean Howells.*

TO MY MOTHER

WHEN I am sad it comes to me,
A tender quiet old strain;
I hear her voice soft, low and sweet,
Take up the song again,
I lean and listen to the sound,—
Were ever notes like these?
Like brooding thrush, at sunset hour,
When day is at its close. . . .

Old, sad and worn, a man of care,
Life grows confused to me;
The things that were I have forgot,
Nor care for things to be.
Yet, through the halls of memory,
Comes back that old, old strain,
I am a boy—my mother sings
Her old-time song again.

—*Emma M. Johnson.*

ALL hopes and loves unworthy
Fade out at this sweet hour,
All pure and noble longings
Renew their holy power;
For Christ, who in the Virgin
Our motherhood has blest,
Is near to every woman
With a baby on her breast.

—*Mary Frances Butts.*

AS one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

—*Isaiah.*

TO MY MOTHER

IN that happy home above,
Where all perfect joy hath birth,
Thou dispensest good and love,
Mother, as thou didst on earth;
And, though distant seems that sphere,
Still I feel thee ever near.

Though my longing eye now views
Thy angelic mien no more,
Still thy spirit can infuse
Good in mine, unknown before.
Still the voice, from childhood dear,
Steals upon my raptured ear.

—*Anna Cora Ritchie.*

OH! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?

—*Robert Southey.*

"SHE made home happy!" through the long, sad years,
The mother toiled and never stopped to rest,
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,
And closed her eyes, no longer dim with tears.
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

—*Henry Coyle.*

TO MY MOTHER

KISS the dear old mother, her cheek is wan and wasted,
Feeble are the footsteps that once were light and gay;
Many a bitter cup of sorrow she has tasted,
Borne unnumbered trials since her wedding day.
Think of all the hours that she is sad and lonely,
All her vanished pleasures living o'er again;
Cheerful and contented will she be if you will only
Kiss the dear old mother now and then.

When by Fame or Fortune you are proudly knighted,
Let the dear old mother enter in your joy;
See the aged pilgrim trembling and delighted,
At the world's opinion of her boy!
Think of all you owe her; seek to give her pleasure,
Spite of cruel sneers from cold or careless men;
While within your keeping you hold this precious treasure,
Kiss the dear old mother now and then.

—*Josephine Pollard.*

HOMES are for mothers as nests are for birds. —*Arthur B. Laughlin.*

TO MY MOTHER

WHO fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye
Who was it sang sweet lullaby
And rocked me that I should not cry?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry
Who gazed on me with heavy eye
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who dressed my doll in clothes so gay
And taught me pretty how to play
And minded all I had to say?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My Mother.

—*Jane Taylor.*

THE MOTHER

THERE is no height, no depth, that could set us apart—
Body of mine and soul of mine, heart of my heart.

There is no sea so deep, no mountain so high,
That I could not come to you if I heard you cry.

There is no hell so sunken, no heaven so steep,
Where I should not seek you and find you and keep.

Now you are round and soft, and sweet as a rose;
Not a stain on my spotless one, white as the snows.

If some day you came to me heavy with sin,
I, your mother, would run to the door and let you in.

I would wash you white again with my tears and grief,
Body of mine and soul of mine, till you found relief.

Though you have sinned all sins there are 'twixt east and west,
You should find my arms wide for you, your head on my breast.

TO MY MOTHER

Child, if I were in heaven and you were in hell,—
Angels white as my spotless one stumbled and fell,—

I would leave the fields of God and Queen Mary's feet,
Straight to the heart of hell would go seeking my sweet.

God, mayhap, would turn Him at sound of the door;
"Who is it goes from Me, to come back no more?"

Then the blessed Mary would say from her throne:
"Son, 'tis a mother goes to hell, seeking her own.

"Body of mine and Soul of mine, born of me,—
Thou who wert once little Jesus beside my knee,—

"It is so that mothers are made; Thou madest them so.
Body of mine and soul of mine, do I not know?"

—Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

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To My Mother

Jones

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